

SIR!

A MAGAZINE
FOR MALES

Contents—November 1957

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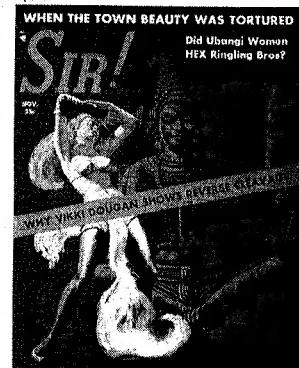
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Unadulterated PRODUCT

By JACK RITCHIE

**The Men on Smith Planet Had It Made—with
Gorgeous, Loving, Obedient Synthetic Gals. Yet
Some Guys Don't Know When They're Well Off;
These Dopes Began Yearning for Earth Women!**

WORLD Congressman Rober, chairman of the Inspection Committee, paused to say good-by at the foot of the spaceship ramp.

He pumped Dr. Austin's hand. "My boy, you've done a magnificent job of development on Smith planet."

Dr. Austin, a serious young man with red hair, determined to give it one final try. "Conditions are still somewhat primitive. I think perhaps you really ought to wait a few more years."

"Nonsense," Rober boomed. "We won't delay your colony certification another week." He winked his eye. "Nothing like having a few women up here to liven up the place, eh, boy?"

Dr. Austin smiled weakly. "Of course. Nothing."

"We'll have no trouble filling the quota. Women still have that old pioneer spirit." Rober poked an elbow into Dr. Austin's ribs and grinned. "They'll shape up all right."

Dr. Austin watched the ship blast off, then zipped his polyvinyl jacket all the way to the top. He felt cold and tired. He walked wearily to his solar car and drove the two miles of rutted, muddy road to the cottage he shared with Claire.

Sullivan was still waiting in the living room, sullenly wrestling with a problem in three-dimensional chess. He looked up. "Well?"

Dr. Austin shook his head. "No luck. We're getting the certification

and the women will begin swarming up here."

Sullivan sighed. "What are we going to do now?"

Dr. Austin shrugged. "I haven't the faintest idea." He stooped down and rolled back the rug until he exposed the trap door. He pulled it open and she came up the steps.

Her hair was shimmering blue-black and her eyes were light gray and glowing. She was soft and womanly and obedient, and one of the finest synthetic women Dr. Austin had ever produced in his laboratory. She went immediately to Dr. Austin and kissed him long and thoroughly.

"Sit over there on the sofa, Claire," Dr. Austin said.

She moved obediently to the indicated place and sat down. Her eyes still clung to him and they smoldered with love and eternal devotion.

Dr. Austin savored it for half a minute and then said: "You'd better knit now, Claire."

She went into the bedroom and came back with the wool and needles. She resumed work on the Argyle socks.

"It's something I taught her," Dr. Austin explained. "I think it makes the place look more homey."

Sullivan nodded. "Good idea. I've got mine crocheting."

They heard footsteps coming up the porch stairs and Claire rose to answer the bell.



Goldsmith entered the room and brought his triumphant smile with him. "You knew it couldn't last. Why not take it like men?"

"I think you might have considered us before you forced through that petition," Dr. Austin said bitterly.

Goldsmith's voice was complacent. "According to the charter, we operate as a democracy and by majority decision. One hundred of you have synths and apparently you're satisfied. But two hundred of us don't want any. We insist on real flesh and blood women."

Dr. Austin pointed to Claire. "Just take one good long look at her," he demanded. "Absolutely perfect. And yet you want an Earth-type woman who jabbars all the time and causes no end of trouble."

The three of them studied her. She was undoubtedly beautiful, and best of all she was silent until spoken to.

Goldsmith remembered his flesh and blood women and tore his eyes away from Claire. "I want children," he said firmly.

Dr. Austin rubbed his chin speculatively. "I suppose I could whip up a batch of them." Then he saw Goldsmith's expression and shrugged his shoulders.

His eyes returned to Claire. "What are we going to do with them? If Earth ever finds out we'll be dragged off Smith on the first prison ship that comes by."

Goldsmith considered the problem. "How about poison gas? I could rig up a connection with the sewer system. Then you could dissolve the bodies with acid, or maybe alkali."

Dr. Austin hated him bitterly with his eyes.

"Maybe stun guns," Goldsmith said. "Or precipitate the protein in their bodies. A simple injection would do it."

The two synth owners sat with their gloom while Goldsmith speculated on other possibilities.

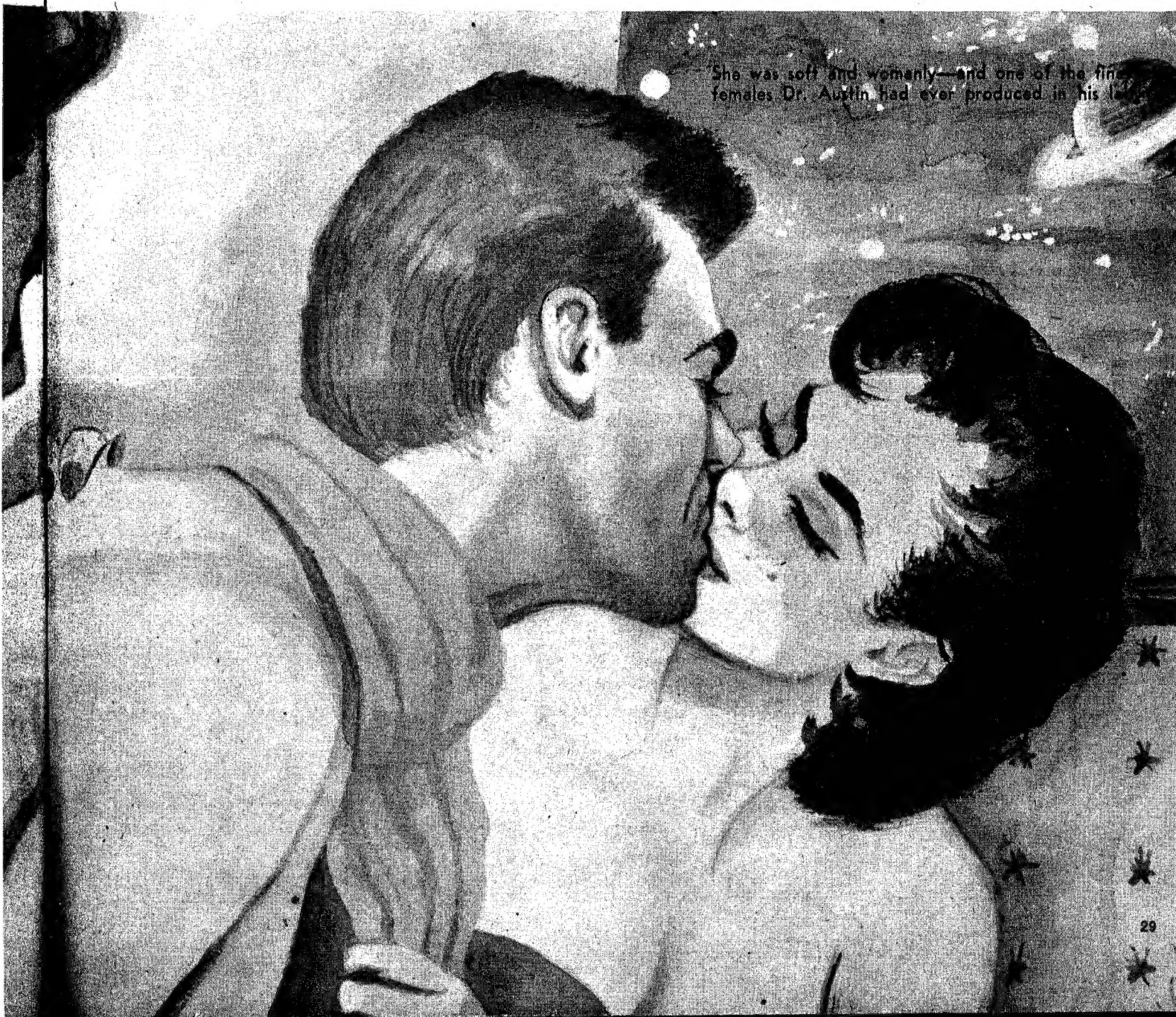
Finally Sullivan rose. "I guess I'd better go home and let Helen out of the cellar. It gets damp down there."

On Earth the Inter-Galactic Colonization Board certified Smith Planet and the first twenty-five men on the requisition list were notified that their brides-to-be were on the way.

In the operations room of the spaceport Dr. Austin and Sullivan gazed dully through the windows at the expectant men gathered at the landing point.

The bride ships came into (Continued on page 42)

She was soft and womanly—and one of the fine females Dr. Austin had ever produced in his lab.



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THE UNADULTERATED PRODUCT

(Continued from page 29)

view and settled slowly onto the landing platform. The hatch opened and the women came streaming down the ramp.

Dr. Austin and Sullivan shuddered as their ears picked up the high-pitched giggles. They closed their eyes for a moment of simultaneous dismay.

"Suppose we just don't put our names on the requisition list?" Sullivan asked halfheartedly.

Dr. Austin shook his head. "We might get away with it for a while. But you know how the Psychological Studies Board stands on bachelors in a certified colony. We'd be pulled in for an examination and psychiatric treatment."

A side door opened and Goldsmith walked into the office. He cleared his throat. "We naturals had a meeting. We decided that since we've all been pretty close on Smith perhaps we owe you synth owners something for the sake of old times."

Dr. Austin and Sullivan ignored him.

He spoke louder. "We're not going to say anything about your synths. Even to our wives."

Dr. Austin and Sullivan studied him and waited.

Goldsmith shuffled his feet. "I've got a friend on the Colonization Board. An old university chum. I can get this friend to do a little paper work. You know how these government bureaus can get messed up pretty easy."

"So?" Dr. Austin asked, hope stirring in him.

"So he can fix it to look like the synths are real women and came from Earth. You can bring them out of hiding and be happy with your imitations."

Sullivan and Dr. Austin smiled for the first time in two weeks. In fact, they grinned.

SMITH PLANET prospered remarkably in the next year and there was an increase in population not due directly to immigration from Earth.

Dr. Austin and Sullivan made a point of visiting Goldsmith several times a week. They would smile contentedly as they listened to the shrill voice of his wife.

After an hour of this they would rise, bid the surly Goldsmith a pleasant good-bye and return to the beautiful quiet of their own homes.

One afternoon, after maliciously enjoying a spell of hiccups by Goldsmith junior, Dr. Austin went home to a dinner of scientific perfection. In the evening he lay on the thick rug with his head on Claire's lap and watched the Friday night television bouts beamed from Earth. He sighed luxuriously as Claire stroked his forehead.

"Mrs. Adams bought another dress yesterday," Claire said. "It's made out of that new—"

"Keep quiet," Dr. Austin said.

After several moments she resumed stroking his forehead. "There's a play on channel 12. It stars Victor Tarleton and I've been dying to see it."

Dr. Austin closed his eyes and became thoughtful. He flicked his cigarette ash in the general direction of the ash tray.

"I wish you wouldn't throw ashes on the rug," Claire said fretfully.

Dr. Austin was aware of coldness in his fingertips. He waited until an inch of ash accumulated on his cigarette and then deliberately tapped it on the rug.

His head bumped on the floor as Claire rose. She gathered up the cigarette ash with a piece of paper and brushed it into the ash tray. She put her hands on her hips. "Well, really!"

Dr. Austin got to his feet and went to the visiphone. He dialed Sullivan's number. Then he blinked. He readjusted the picture and color knobs. "What's that you're holding?" he demanded.

Sullivan glanced at his hand and put it quickly behind him. He was blushing. "A duster. I'm helping Helen with some of the housework."

Dr. Austin opened his mouth and then snapped it shut. He dialed off. Claire moved to the couch and sat down. She picked up her knitting basket.

Dr. Austin lowered himself to the hassock and stared at her. It was perfectly obvious to him what had happened. Claire and other synths on Smith Planet had been associating with Earth women. They were learning bad habits. His eyes strayed to his bookcase which contained dozens of volumes explaining how emotional attitudes affect glandular patterns. There was no telling what changes might occur if this were not nipped in the bud.

He watched Claire's nimble fingers as they manipulated the knitting needles. "I don't like light blue socks," he said firmly. "I never liked light blue socks and you know that." The coldness in his fingertips advanced to the back of his neck.

Claire's eyes met his. There was love and loyalty there, and something else too. She smiled at him. "Darling," she said softly, "there's something I have to tell you."

THE END